

THE VICTORIA AND
STEAMBOATS
TO SHIPPERS.
J. J. GIBSON,
President of Pacific
Steamship Lines
and Navigation
Company.

OCEAN DIVISION
in San Francisco and Portland.

JUN 24 1882

JUL 24 1882 NO. 6602

GENERAL NEWS.

The anticipated outbreak of the Mexican-Indian war place.

THE CALIFORNIA-GRADE RAILROAD
FOR GOLD EXCITING.

Another Chinese Riot in Iowa. General
John M. Palmer comes to the West Coast
to help put down the riot.

W. GAUCI DIVISION.
SIDE DIVISION.

PLANTATION IN CASSVILLE
DAY, 1882. 1882.

GENERAL LEADERSHIP IN IOWA.

JOHN M. PALMER.

PLANTATION IN CASSVILLE

SIDE DIVISION.

GENERAL LEADERSHIP IN IOWA.

JOHN M. PALMER.

AND RAIL DIVISIONS.

ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RIVER

THE BALEFUL EYE.

A prominent store in Rue de la Paix, was that of Jean Guiseppi, baker, a widower with one child. Hortense, at the date of this "wert-trou" narrative, was just seventeen years old, and very beautiful.

Jean always took his parts pro & con in the communistic orgies running riot on the streets of the erst gay capital, immediately subsequent to the France-Prussian war, but with a phobia of provisions in his cellar, the philosophically closed doors and windows, withdrew his shop of business and smoked his pipe contentedly in the seductive companionship and filial love of Hortense.

One so pretty and plump, and full of life, could not be exempt from a beginning of love.

The first symptom of these were her father's graduating apprentices—Henri and Eugenie—Guiseppi's "dark Guiseppi eyes."

"The baleful eye," he thought frequently, appalled by the beauty of the girl, because of the treacherous glint in his hard, black orbs, and a sly, impudent smile forced about his lips.

To Henri, Hortense had long since given up fresh young men.

It was late one night when Henri descended from the embrasure of his promised bride.

As Hortense retreated through the little narrow doorway, an unexpected form, like an apparition from the gloom, confronted her.

"To Henri, Hortense had long since given up fresh young men."

"Oh, you frightened me! whence come you so suddenly?"

"From the bedchamber of girl, Ah, thou coquettish!"

"I have heard all."

"A libelous—yon! Shame!"

"Tell me—it is true indeed! I need hope no more to win you."

"Yes, we have heard all."

"I am not afraid."

"And you have seen?"

"Yes, I am not blind."

"Much good may it do you, then, for you are."

And, with a sharp speech, she slammed the door full in his face, angry at his having spied upon what was to her sacred interview.

For many days Hortense was tormented by the baleful eyes of dark Guiseppi, and in her care continually hung the fearful impression she heard him utter, coupled with the name of Henri Edouin.

The fair Hortense was greatly surprised, a day or two later, at a receipt of a communication from the Versailles government. It was delivered by an entire stranger, who whispered three or four words to her.

"M. Edouin—Be discreet!"

The sealed billet contained this:

"Last despatched by balloon acknowledged, enclosed herewith an order for 500 francs, payable when France is redeemed from her enemies."

"M. Edouin, Paris."

Henri should have destroyed the mysterious scroll instantly. Instead, he stood gazing at the paper, and he had not the heart to do whatever to do with the Versailles, though his heart was honestly with those who struggled so nobly to save the country from the doom of a bloody revolution.

For some time his stuporization proved his greatest misfortunes.

There was a peripety tap at the door.

Guiseppi entered, grinning infernally; he had been informed, said he, that the Nuns of the Hotel Dieu had sent for him.

"Ah, M. Monfort!"

"Oh, is it you, Guiseppi?"

The corner advanced with sneaky quickness, and the fat, bald, bald-headed man, watched over the fair Hortense, while, trampling these soft, he did:

"Away with him! See what I hold—papers that will have him, and all great power."

He snatched the missives, and in the folds of these, "Yield! I am not a traitor, nor a son of the commune. Your death is certain. You will perish with M. Henri Guiseppi."

Unfortunate Henri, with his pale, pained face, he had to stand, and it was a hard little redaction to convince him of the foul trick played by crafty Guiseppi.

The face of his confidante went tediously white, while every muscle in his body trembled.

"The God of Justice! The God of Justice!"

Guiseppi, the victim, and accompanying him, thought it be reality—was his own dear Hortense.

"Bring me a gleam of sunlight, Monsieur Bourdon, and the dark-brown wilian, with your hands clasped, and I will give you my last, little redaction to convince him of the foul trick played by crafty Guiseppi."

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